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The New World



109 0 4

Chapter 1 by Ryan Monaghan

Its been six years since the war ended. Our planet is all but destruction. Cities are now inhabitable due to weapons that we humans deemed "appropriate" for the deaths of our enemies. No one won that war, they destroyed each other till the last man standing could no longer stand to see the planet he lived on and decided to use his best friend on himself.

Now the survivors are nomads. They move with the dust blowing in the nuclear wind and snow. When they reach a city they scavenge for anything they can, parts, survivors, food, water, clothing, anything they think will help them survive. These are the people who believe that there is no hope, the only thing they live for now is themselves, these are the people who stopped looking for something to hope for, these are the people who don't see hope in the nuclear deserts they see mirages and continue to walk. They call themselves the nomads, we call them sand lions, because they continue to try to survive but survive for nothing.

They call me Skip, why? I don't know, i just go with it. I live in one of the last cities on the planet. One of the only cities that was left untouched by this war. We always say "one of" because we are hope bringers, we believe in hope, and we hope that we aren't the only city left on this

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one, one city is all it takes to create a trade route, to create industry again, to rise from the ashes of this volcanic soil, one city is all we need. Gotta keep searching.

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